

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 35. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

BANKS OF THE HUDSON;

OR, THE CONGRESS TROOPER:

A TRANSATLANTIC ROMANCE IN THREE ACTS,

By THOMAS DIDDIN, Esq.

Author of *The Cabinet*. *The Two Gregories*. *The Lady of the Lake*. *Ivanhoe*. *The English Fleet*, &c. &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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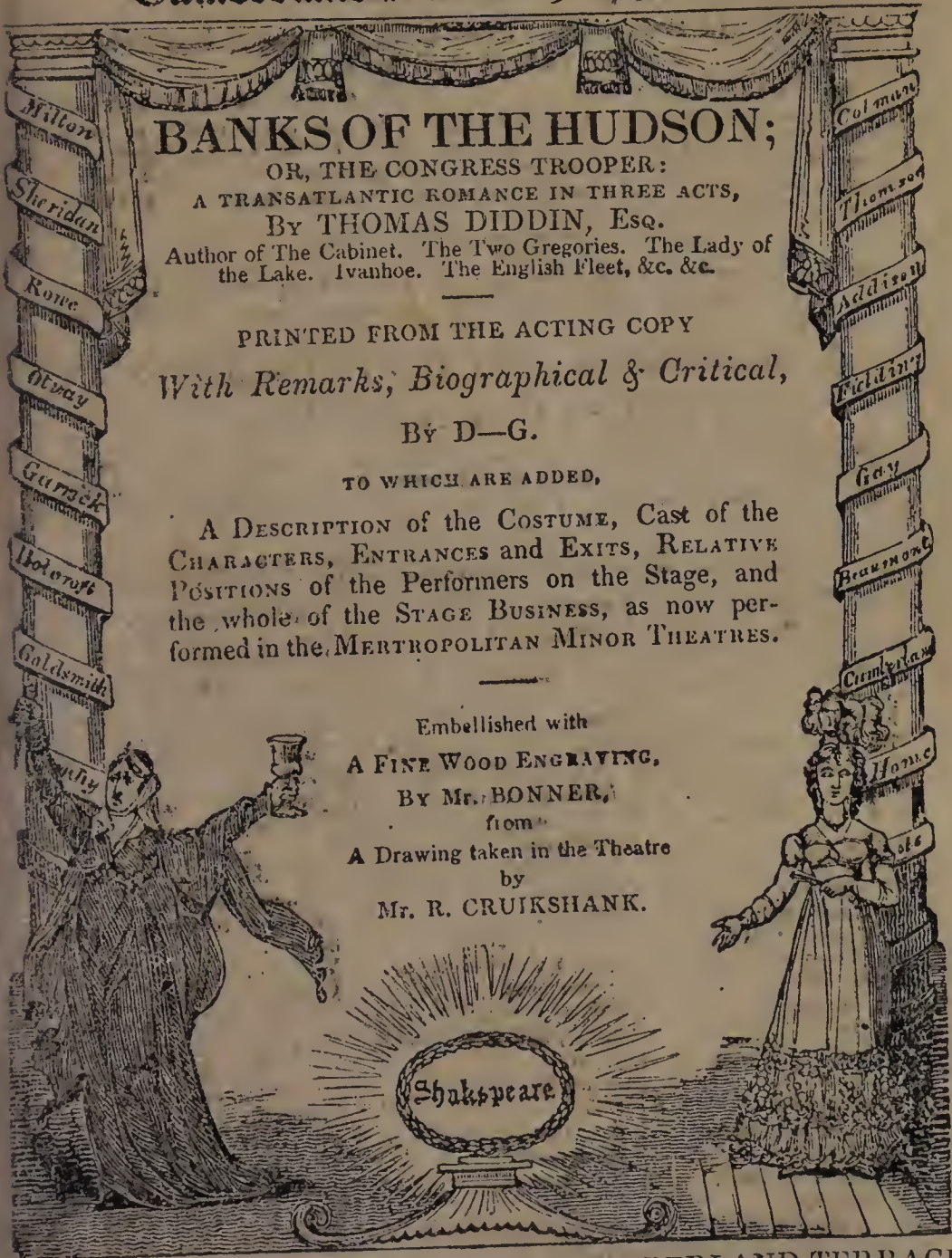
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By MR. BONNER,

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MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Banks of the Hudson.

Dobson. Tell me where to find your son, or you shall feel the fire ere you're ten minutes older.

Act III. Scene 1.

THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON;

OR, THE CONGRESS TROOPER:

A TRANSATLANTIC ROMANCE,

In Three Acts,

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

*Author of The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Jew and the Doctor, The Sixes,
The English Fleet, Suil Dhuv the Coiner, Family Quarrels, Ivanhoe,
Valentine and Orson, Don Giovanni, The Two Gregories, &c.*

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REMARKS.

The Banks of the Hudson.

THE American war was the great crime of King George the Third's reign—it was worse than a crime, as Fouché said of the Duke D'Anghein's murder—it was a *blunder*. We cannot agree with the potent Aristarch, Dr. Johnson, that *taxation* (in this respect) was no *tyranny*. At home we *must* be taxed, for reasons more appertaining to a political than a critical essay—but colonies that have cause to remember the mother country *only* from the imposts she is pleased to lay upon them, may stand excused for resistance to the mandates of St. Stephen's, when a minister—

“ Commences a tedious, long-winded oration,

Gives his mouth a queer screw, rolls his eyes in their sockets
And after much twaddle and mystification,

Makes certain financial attempts on their pockets.” *

A people thus separated by locality, interests, and consanguinity, are apt to be slow in admitting claims that are first made with but small show of justice, and next enforced at the point of the sword. There was peculiar *naiveté* in John Bull's expectation that brother Jonathan would pay all and say nothing—

“ The stamp-act perhaps may be good for the crown,
But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down.”

This reminds us of Dr. Johnson's story of the fishwoman's

* The Editor.

cursing the eels while she was *skinning* them, because they didn't *lie still*.

Some powerful and amusing traits of American life and manners have been given by very opposite parties—Galt, Cooper, and *Mr. Mathews*. It is not, however, in woods and forests that much diversity of character is to be found. Savages, of whatever nation, are pretty nearly alike—whether they devour their enemies, or one another; drink train oil, or toddy; kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass! or bury their provender till it attain a *haut gout* that might tickle the palate of Apicius. Shades of difference will undoubtedly arise—some, who have advanced nearer to a state of civilization, in their excess of hospitality, compliment a new comer with their wives and daughters; others punish a matrimonial *faux-pas* with antediluvian severity; the lady being *served out* with the loss of her ears, and (the *nose* has it!) her proboscis into the bargain; while the gentleman is *served up* as a dainty, and a warning to gallants. Some dutifully cherish their parents to the last moment of declining age; others affectionately knock them on the head when they are past labour, cook them, and endure the penance of a tough meal out of pure tenderness. It is in towns and cities, in the midst of individual and jarring interests, that a people are best studied. Their manners, passions, propensities, and peculiarities are alternately developed, according to the various circumstances in which they may be placed. A quaint original, a superb quiz (characters unknown to savage life) occasionally rise up to gladden society—hence (thanks to *Mr. Mathews*), the *old* world has been made merry at the expense of the *new*. We have a clearer perception of the general, not to say par-

ticular, character of our transatlantic friends from the facetious draughts of this admirable mimic, than from whole volumes of elaborate description. There are three things in this world that are perfect in their way—*Butler*, *Hogarth*, and (as a faithful delineator of character in its wildest range) *Mr. Mathews*.

The Banks of the Hudson is a tale of love and war—the name indicates the country where the scene is laid ; for *Mr. Dibdin*, like *Parson Adams*, is a pretty considerable traveller in his *books*, and leaves no part of the great globe unexplored in search of entertainment for his metropolitan friends, who may desire to emigrate at a cheap and expeditious rate. We delight to travel in an easy chair—


“ Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round ;
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in;—”

To freeze beneath the north pole by the side of a cheerful fire, and escape from the jaws of a Greenland bear with puss purring at our feet. We can hardly conceive a greater luxury than traversing a burning desert half dead with thirst, while seated in a jessamine bower with a bottle of iced champagne ; or being tossed by the billows to and fro, safely moored beneath the green willows that fringe the margin of Thames and Isis—

“ I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home ”

This drama presents an entertaining picture of American life—we have liberty in its most unlimited sense—bands of military ruffians violating the domestic hearth, and threatening to hang the owner upon his own trees; and slaves (*vulgo* “Niggers,”) in a land that has little to vaunt but its freedom. We have an honest farmer, and a prim Quakeress; a Yankee lass (all for love!) and a British soldier (all for glory!). The rear is brought up by Americans, loyal and disloyal—neutral flags—and a detachment of the *Skinners’ Company*—not the turtle-fed epicures of London (catch *them* travelling to America!) but a sort of privileged bush-rangers, who would rob you the king’s exchequer; if there were king to rob, or exchequer worth robbing. All these Mr. Dibdin has turned to profitable account, since—without a *panic*, the *banks* experienced a considerable *run*.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Coburg Theatre seconded the author’s attempt in a very efficient manner—Davidge, Huntley, and Sloman, in Corporal Prime, Old Morgan, and Pompey, deserve particular mention.

 D.—G.

Costume.

BRITISH.

CAPTAIN OLIVER BECKWITH.—*First dress*: Shooting costume.—*Second dress*: British infantry regimentals.

LIEUTENANT HENRY BECKWITH.—Shooting-dress.

CAPTAIN COHORN.—British infantry regimentals.

LIEUTENANT CARTRIDGE.—Ibid.

ENSIGN STANDARD.—Ibid.

SERGEANT GORGET.—Regimental uniform of Oliver's regiment.

HOSTILE AMERICANS.

GENERAL HEATH.—General's uniform—blue, faced with red.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN DOBSON.—Dark green cavalry uniform.

CORPORAL PRIME.—Ibid.

OFFICERS ON A COURT-MARTIAL.—Blue and red uniforms.

AMERICAN LOYALISTS.

OLD MORGAN.—Drab-coloured farmer's dress, with garters.

DAVIS MORGAN.—Farmer's light mixture dress and gaiters.

NEUTRALS.

POMPEY.—Striped cotton jacket and trousers.

BUCKSKIN.—Brown jacket and gaiters.

CICELY MORGAN.—Simple white dress—no cap—hair in curls.

ABUNDANCE ALLRIGHT.—Neat Quaker's dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Coburg Theatre, Dec. 26, 1829.

BRITISH.

<i>Captain Oliver Beckwith</i>	Mr. Cobham.
<i>Lieutenant Henry Beckwith</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Captain Cohorn</i>	Mr. Porteous.
<i>Lieutenant Cartridge</i>	Mr. Franks.
<i>Ensign Standard</i>	Mr. Saunders.
<i>Sergeant Gorget</i>	Mr. Mortimer.

HOSTILE AMERICANS.

<i>General Heath</i>	Mr. Elliot.
<i>Captain Jonathan Dobson</i>	Mr. Gomersal.
<i>Corporal Prime</i>	Mr. Davidge.
<i>Officers on a Court-Martial</i>	{ Mr. Henning. Mr. J. George, &c.

AMERICAN LOYALISTS.

<i>Old Morgan, Father of Cecily</i>	Mr. Huntley.
<i>Davis Morgan, his Son</i>	Mr. Hill.

NEUTRALS.

<i>Pompey, a Black Slave to Morgan</i>	Mr. Sloman.
<i>Buckskin, a Yankee Lad</i>	Mr. Conquest.
<i>Cicely Morgan</i>	Miss Watson.
<i>Abundance Allright</i>	Mrs. Davidge.

British and American Officers, Soldiers, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE.—*The English Camp on the Hudson River, and a Cottage Farm on the Neutral Ground, at the period of General Burgoyne's commanding in America, prior to the surrender of Saratoga.*—*Time, one day.*

THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Advanced Post of the British Camp, near the Banks of the Hudson River, which is seen in magnificent expanse in the distance, reflecting the rising-sun.*

BRITISH ADVANCE GUARD *discovered en bivouac, some with their arms piled, others cleaning their accoutrements—a drum rolls as the curtain rises to symphony of a*

MILITARY CHORUS.

The morning sun on the Hudson River
In sparkles of gold is dancing; [Cannon heard.
The morning gun makes the atmosphere quiver;
And day in quick time is advancing. [Drum.

SOLO.—SERGEANT GORGET.

The merry revelly cries rat tat tat too!
While the fife tells a chirrupping story,
And calls on each soldier so brave and so true,
To a new day of honour and glory.
While echo, returning the soul-stirring sound,
Is heard from our camp to the neutral ground.

Chorus. The morning sun, &c.

Ser. To your posts, boys; and be ready to relieve the advanced sentries who have been on night duty.

Enter BUCKSKIN, with a fishing-basket, rods and lines, a fowling-piece, and a brace of pointers in a string, L.

Ser. Ah, young Buckskin, so early out of the lines, this morning.—Dogs, fire-arms, and fishing-tackle, too;—you're well loaded. Are any more of our officers mad enough to venture sporting on the neutral ground, after so many have gone without ever coming back again?

Buc. O, yes, sergeant; there's the two cousins, Captain Oliver Beckwith and Lieutenant Henry Beckwith,

consarn their pictures! if they care for any thing, but go fishing and shooting as gayly as if there were neither snakes, savages, or skinners in the woods—I'm up a may-pole, if they mustn't be tarnation fond of fish and game—good sport, too—eh, sergeant?

Ser. It wont be so good, if they should be caught themselves. A snake may be avoided, or a savage bribed, but the skinners, as you Yankees call them, are the most unsoldier-like set of mob-military, that ever made murder a pastime.

Buc. They're genooine throat-cutters; and in the few miles between your British camp here, at Kingsbridge, on the Hudson, and our Yankee station, at Puk's Hill, there's hardly a homestead they han't a harried, or a living family they han't a killed.

Enter CAPTAIN OLIVER BECKWITH and LIEUTENANT HENRY BECKWITH, in sporting-dresses, the former with a fowling-piece.

Oli. Give me my gun. Is your tackle well in order?

Buc. Prime, captain.

Hen. Sergeant!

Ser. Your honour.

Hen. Carry the order-book to Captain Cohorn: my cousin and I have leave for the day, and, if not driven in by the enemies' piquets, expect some sport.

Ser. I hope, Lieutenant, that you and the captain may have plenty, and not more than you wish: we shall all be proud to see your honours safe back.

Oli. You think it a great risk?

Ser. And all for a bit of fish, or a red-legged bird or two.

Hen. You're a wag, sergeant.

Oli. Come, Henry, come.

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

Ser. The lieutenant has a sweetheart that way, I reckon.

Buc. Why not—so have I; or I wouldn't go and——

Ser. Get out, you little rascal. [*Exit Buckskin, L.*] Relief, fall in! Right, front, march!

[*They march off while he sings in the rear.*]

The merry revelly beats rat tat tat too!

While the fife tells a chirrupping story, &c.

[*Exit after them, L. U. E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Picturesque Part of a Forest on the Neutral Ground.*

Enter BOY, CAPTAIN OLIVER, *and* LIEUTENANT HENRY, L.

Oli. Go forward, boy, to our old beat by the trout stream in the hollow : we'll be with you before you've prepared the lines. [*Exit Boy*, R.

Hen. The old beat ! ay, that's the place, both for birds and fish. But what makes you halt, cousin Oliver ?

Oli. Reflection, cousin Harry.—Are we prudent to go so far from camp—that unhappy affair of André's has made the Yankees more alert than ever.

Hen. Psha ! I dare say the Yankees are not rendered bolder by the discovery that some of their own officers are not to be trusted.

Oli. Harry, Harry, there must be more than common cause for this sudden want of caution ; and I begin to suspect that a pair of fine eyes have more attraction for you than a brace of trout or a host of quails.

Hen. No, Oliver : if you allude to Cecily Morgan, the daughter of our worthy host, who, at the hazard of his life, sheltered me from the American rangers, or buckskins, or skinners, as they call themselves, I assure you I hav'nt a serious thought about the girl.

Oli. I'm sorry for it : she is beautiful and accomplished, and since you owed your life to her father's hospitality, you seem to have transferred all your sense of gratitude to his child, whom you daily visit at great risk, and—

Hen. And you, who are so sensible of her worth, that daily accompany me——

Oli. From regard to your safety—the safety of your honour, Henry—ay, and hers, too, for I have seen how you are screwed ; and should you even marry her——

Hen. Marry ! young as you deem me, I'm too old a bird for that springe : but I mean no harm—a frolic, a flirtation, nothing more.

Oli. Nothing more ! then, Harry, I must say, there is no character so despicable as his who trifles with the affections of an artless girl.—The scoundrel, the villain, (and such you will never be) who seeks to undermine a maiden's honour has the excuse, wretched as it is, of passion ; but your cold, cruel-hearted man-flirt, who can win a girl's love for the mere sake of winning it, and

leave her broken in heart, however unstained in reputation, is the most contemptible reptile breathing.

Hen. How, sir. dare you class me in such society?

Oli. If you mean nothing more than flirtation by your frolic, as you call it, where else must I class you?

Hen. Oliver Beckwith, do you, then, apply the epithet scoundrel to me?

Oli. On the contrary, I expressed my conviction that, although you spurned the idea of marriage, you could not deserve the appellation you seemed to apply to yourself.

Hen. This is trifling, and I must have more decided explanation, or the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Oli. For what? I only stated, and I state it again, that the friend of my youth can never be so base as meditate the ruin of an innocent girl, to whose father he owes his life

Hen. [*Indifferently.*] Well, well, we'll drop the subject—pursue your way, and let me follow mine—I am old enough to direct my own amusements.

Oli. I was deputed by your father to be the Mentor you disregard; and, at the risk of every thing, I tell you that, if your amusements include the dark design you seem too conscious of, they shall be thwarted, and the moment that brings home to you the justice of the charge, shall be the last of our acquaintance; and unless you promise to desist from your design, we part company on the spot.

Hen. Please yourself, good cousin; or suppose you were to go on and warn the old gentleman—but, beware——

Oli. With respect to that, I shall follow my own course. At present, I return to the lines, for I never can so far forget what is due to myself, as to be seen in Mr. Morgan's house as the companion of one who meditates the destruction of his daughter's peace. [*Exit, L.*]

Hen. Bravo, morality! dam'me, but I begin to think my amiable cousin a little jealous—who wouldn't suppose, if they heard him, that he was a most experienced gray-beard—poor Oliver! he's not two years older than myself, and I have a warm regard for him; but unless he contrives to make himself more agreeable in future, by the honour of a soldier, the sooner we part the better.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A beautifully Picturesque American Farm and large Mansion, covering much ground—the walls white, the verandah, door, and windows green, surmounted by a luxuriant thatch, intermixed with flowers and creepers, which diversify the trellises and walls—gardens and orchards seen beyond, in the extreme distance—romantic and stupendous mountain scenery, with a lake and a cataract tumbling into it, seen through a bowery opening in a wood beyond the gardens.*

BLACK SLAVES discovered, dancing and singing.

CHORUS.

We worky for massa,

Hurry worry, whoo, hoo !

We worky for massa's son—

We worky for pretty little young missee, too.

From rising de sun

Till daylight be done,

Den him dance, all fun !

Hurry worry,

Hurry worry,

Hurry worry, hoo, whoo, hoo !

[*They dance off, R.*

Enter ABUNDANCE ALLRIGHT, *from the house, R. S. E., followed by* POMPEY, *rather tipsy.*

Pom. Now, what a matter, missee?—Why you always run away from poor Pompey?—Blackee man may have fair heart—what for you frighten?

Abu. Thou art neither of my colour, my country, or my calling—thou art intrusive, and I like thee not.

Pom. You likee not—what for? what not for?

Abu. Not for any thing—when I, Abundance Allright, of Misseewisse, and one of the Society of Friends, agreed to become domestic help, or maiden of the chamber, to Cecily, profanely called Miss Morgan, of this farm, homestead, and mansion, I did not agree to be, as it were, solicited by sable slaves, or, to speak more plainly, bothered with the Blacky Moors, or, in the vulgar tongue, annoyed by the Niggers.

Pom. Ah, you Quaker girl, so proud because you so stiff and upright, and cross as ole Massa Morgan and him Welsh son, but, by gog, fine American war make all come right now—Yankee, Man-skiner, Buckskin, Ranger, blow all you 'Merican, English, Welsh loyalists

out o' water—ha, ha! you no proud then, but ask Pompey mercy, and missee, too.

Abu. Verily, thou art base and ungrateful, and, were I to tell thine employer, thou wouldst be deservedly scourged with forty stripes, save one—hum!

Pom. Stripe! stripe youself—oo never save me—oo fancy oosef great lady—and what oo fancy me, eh, lily Quaker? eh, what am I?

Abu. Tipsy; thou hast been taking a certain beverage called toddy, and imbibing with thy lips the juice of the sugar-plant, called rum, till thou deservest on thy back the cane in which it groweth; therefore, begone.

Pom. Nebber, nebber, till you pretty Missywissy Quaker kiss Pompey like.

[Advances towards her—she screams.]

Enter YOUNG MORGAN, *from the house*, R. S. E.

Young M. May I believe my eyes and ears?—Begone, rascal! and, be assured, this insolence shall not be forgotten.

Pom. Begone oosef—and be—as sure dis insolence shall never you be forgotten.

Young M. Hollo, there!

Enter Slaves, R.

Young M. Confine that drunken and rebellious block-head, till I acquaint my father with his fault—good-nature has made him incorrigible.

Pom. You corrigible, too—I be revenge—I——

Young M. Take him away—away, I say.

[Music.—He struggles, and they force him off, R.]

Abu. Thanks for thy protection; but let not the torture of the whip visit him in my behalf.

Young M. Hang him, a sulky drunken—there is danger in that fellow—kindness is thrown away on him, and punishment makes him worse—we must sell him, I think.

Abu. And who hath given thee power to put a value on the person of thy fellow-creature, and make money the price of man, equal to thyself in the eye of the power that made him.

Young M. Well, well, I'll order his release; or shall I call him back, and thou, Abundance, if thou wilt take him for an helpmate, he will have abundance in return.

Abu. Thou hast abundance already.

Young M. I wish I had ; but of what, my pretty Quakeress?

Abu. Of folly ! yea, even unto overflowing.

Young M. And thou hast a pair of eyes almost as saucy as thy pretty tongue.

Abu. Hum—um !

DUET.

WELSH AIR,—“ *A little bird sang from a spray.*”

Young M. Mine eyes, they speak—

Abu. Yea, verily.

Both. Fal lal de ral, &c.

Young M. And thy sweet tongue doth make reply.

Both. Fal lal de ral, &c.

Abu. Pray, do not let thine run so loose.

Young M. Indeed, it hath no other use,
Than talk of thee.

Abu. Just like a goose.

Both. Fal lal de ral, &c

Young M. Were I to ask you for my bride—

Both. Fal lal de ral.

Abu. Perhaps, good friend, thou'dst be denied.

Both. Fal lal de ral.

Young M. You'd first say, “No.”

Abu. I should, I guess.

Young M. No more than that ?

Abu. I can't say less.

Young M. And would you twice say no ?

Abu. O yes !

Both. Fal lal de ral.

[*Exit Abundance, R.*

Enter CECILY, from the house.

Cec. Brother, I'm half ashamed of you ! What will my father say if I tell him you're always so attentive to my maid, Abundance ?

Young M. Were there greater choice, sister, it would look particular ; but where Abundance means only one, why, I must either talk soft nonsense to her, or talk to myself.

Cec. But it doesn't look well, brother, to talk soft nonsense, as you call it.

Young M. Not a bit better, perhaps, to listen to it, sister, which you do by the hour, when Harry Beckwith is here ; and, as I can see him now on the heights, within five minutes' reach of you, what will father say, if I tell him of you, my sister dear ?

[*Exit, R.*

Cec. What can he mean ? I'm sure Henry only says to me what, as I have read, is said by all other handsome young men to pretty—no, I don't mean that—to such

young women as me. But whether I really like to listen to him or not, I have hardly yet made up my mind.

AIR—CECILY.

He looks, and his eyes say so many soft things,
They make mine to all other things blind;
Then to think about prudence I try, till he sings,
And then I can't make up my mind.

Oh, no!

And then I can't make up my mind.

Then his voice, oh, dear! what maid that sweet voice could resist?
Leaving all affectation behind,

If to make me his bride he comes now to insist,
I fear I shall make up my mind,

Oh, yes!

I fear I shall make up my mind.

Cec. Ah, here he is—here's Henry, and, Englishman like, he's talking to himself; I'll wait till his soliloquy's over. [Retires.]

Enter HENRY, L.

Hen. [Musing.] I don't know how it is, but Oliver has vexed me; what did he mean by saying I wish to betray the girl?

Cec. [Advancing a little.] A small trifle for a poor girl, who—

Hen. [Not minding her.] And, though wedlock would at present be inconvenient, yet I'm sure I love her.

Cec. [Coming nearer.] Only a halfpenny, your honour.

Hen. Go along, girl!

Cec. Why, Henry, won't you look at me? Have you no sympathy? You wound my vanity, by compelling me to make my presence known to you.

Hen. Sweet girl! never was that presence more acceptable; while I am with you, where is the misfortune that can subdue me?

Cec. But you look wild; are you ill, Henry?

Hen. No, but I am vexed; Oliver and I have had a difference.

Cec. Ah, then he is opposed to our—that is, he thinks your grand relatives in England would object to your being so partial to poor Cecily.

Hen. Perhaps he may be partial to you himself, for he does oppose me; but as I am not so disinterested as to resign in his favour, I refused his sage but selfish counsels, and so we parted angrily.

Cec. Indeed! His manner has to me ever been that of

friendship, not of love ; and he never speaks of you but with most ardent commendation.

Hen. [*Rather impetuously.*] Well, well ; how are your father and your brother, dear Cecily ?

Cec. My brother is saucy as ever, and has been joking me on your account ; as for my dear father, let him answer for himself.

Enter OLD MORGAN, from the house.

Old M. Ah, Henry, come in—or, Cecily, bring refreshments and wine to the arbour here, and sit down with us, and call your brother ; fly, you baggage ! [*Exit Cecily into the house.*] Mr. Beckwith, I was wishing for you—times here are growing ticklish ; we loyalists, as we're called, are likely to be no longer tolerated by our Yankee brethren ; the Skinners, Rangers, and other rude associations (of republicans only in name, but plunderers in fact) are seeking to feather their nests from the spoils of moderate men like me, who wish to embroil ourselves with no party.

Hen. Your anxiety naturally extends to the safety of your daughter.

Old M. To whom you have paid more than common attention ; your assiduities have not been lost, nor the high character given of you by your cousin Oliver ; I ask, therefore, whether your intentions are serious—if so, though she is the apple of my eye, to secure her an honourable protection, she shall be your's.

Hen. [*With hesitation.*] Your offer, sir, generous as it is, has come so—is an honour so unexpected, that I am so confused——

Mor. Well, well—take time to recover from your confusion.

Hen. My father—I must, of course, consult him ; and——

Old M. [*Sharply.*] Put it all out of your head, sir ; I love Cecily, and have mistaken you. We'll change the subject.

Hen. Nay, sir ! Heaven is my witness, I only meant——

MUSIC.—*Enter POMPEY, in apparent terror, R.*

Pom. [*To Old Morgan.*] Fly hi ! fly, massa ! hide, hide ! here come de Skinners right up de valley, and de Riglars all round de house ; and if oo no hide Massa English captain, dey hang him like a dog !

Old M. Faithful Pompey ! Some one has betrayed us. You have been traced, Beckwith, and they are coming to arrest you.

Hen. They can only take me as a prisoner of war.

Enter CECILY, from the house.

Cec. No, Henry, no—they seek you as a spy ; and, if you fall into their hands, your death is certain. And my father, my dear father, his life will be sacrificed.

Old M. In, in, to the house—quick ! and you may yet be saved.

Enter YOUNG MORGAN, R.

Young M. Don't lose an instant ! in, in, I say !

[Hurried Music—all rush into the house.]

Pom. *[Peeping out from a wing, L.]* Dere now—you tell Pompey he insolent, corrigible, rebel, and bid floggee ! floggee ! Now oo see—nassy white buckram.

[A party of Soldiers appears winding in the distance,—as they approach, the scene changes.]

SCENE IV.—*A large Parlour in the house—in the back, a half-glass door, looking into a hall with a fire-place—an old family picture on one side the door, R., and on the other an empty clock-case.*

MUSIC.—*Enter MORGAN, CECILY, HENRY, and YOUNG MORGAN, L.—Cecily and Young Morgan look out on each side, while, Morgan touching a spring, the picture is removed, and Henry goes in, and is concealed behind it—Cecily and Young Morgan then bring a table, wine, and books, and all sit down, and endeavour to conceal their alarm—a roll of a drum is heard.*

Enter CORPORAL PRIME, in agitation, L.

Cor. Ah, Mr. Morgan ! none but your family here ? Thank heaven ! I've been in a pretty considerable d—d sort of a fright lest the English captain Henry, should be here.

Old M. You do not see him—or if you did——

Cor. They only want such an excuse to hang you and your family on the trees before your dwelling. As it is, be cautious—be on your guard ; and, in memory of a kindness once done by you to my dear wife and boys, I'll risk my life for you.

Old M. But if——

Cor. Hush—be silent as death ! [*Speaks loud.*] Well, I wish it may be so, for your sakes, but as I'm not bound to take your word, speak to my commanding-officer—here he is.

Enter CAPTAIN JONATHAN DOBSON, L., and eight Soldiers, fully armed—his men range at the back of the stage.

Dob. A good day to you, Mr. Morgan—you lead a nice secluded life here, and I dare say are glad of the variety of seeing an old acquaintance.

Old M. It gives me great pleasure, though I never had the honour of seeing you before, to entertain you, or any officer in the American service.

Dob. Or in King George's service, I suppose—one of whom I am very anxious to be introduced to, and must beg the favour of you to produce him.

Old M. There are no officers here, as far as I am aware, sir.

Dob. No doubt, especially with a fowling-piece and a couple of dogs, which are just under the window here, in the right scent for their master, whose name and regimental rank happen to be on their collars.

Old M. Of that I am totally ignorant.

Dob. Perhaps we may enlighten you ; their master's visit, I dare say, was accidental as their own.

Old M. You are aware, sir, this ground is neutral ; and we are liable to see, not only friends, but enemies.

Dob. You don't mean to call the British enemies, because, as you say, none have been here to-day, and we are hardly ranked among your friends.

Old M. An English officer was here, nor could I refuse him common hospitality ; at your approach, he fled ; and where he is now you must discover for yourselves.

Dob. [*Filling wine as he sits on the table.*] Ah ! that's coming near the mark—the officer was here, and is here : we have been watching round your premises some time—we saw him come, and hav'nt seen him go—therefore, produce him instantly !

Old M. If he be here—my house is open—search till you find him.

Dob. I know a better and a surer course : your disaffection to our cause is known, and I could hang you up on your own lawn ; but this cursed spy we must catch—so deliver him, or you swing !

Old M. With my life do as you will, but you cannot

compel me to act contrary to the dictates of my honour and my conscience.

Dob. We shall see.—Seize that old traitor—bind his hands behind his back—light a fire on the green sward, and we'll try if we cannot bring the old gentleman to a recollection of what is due to us and to his country. He's not the first we've warmed over to our side.

Cec. [*Rushing forward.*] Oh, spare my father! spare him, as you're men!

Young M. You would not, could not, do as you threaten; your uniform is a soldier's—you could not disgrace it by acting the part of a ferocious skinner.

Dob. What the devil else am I? Do you take us for riglars, whose liberty is sold for a daily pittance?—Light a fire, some of you, and the rest do as I command; and see if I don't keep my promise.

Young M. [*Seizing a knife from the table.*] Wretch! you shall do more than keep your promise.

[*Mus.*—*He rushes on Dobson—is seized—the picture shakes violently—the attention of all is arrested by it, when it suddenly opens—Henry springs out of the aperture—the surprised Soldiers quit young Morgan and drag Henry forward—all accompany this action to the front, except young Morgan, who instantaneously, and unobserved, springs into the empty clock-case, which closes on him—Cecily falls senseless—the remaining group form a momentary tableau, the above being all done in an instant—at length Henry speaks.*]

Hen. Monsters! ruffians! assassins! what do you meditate? Would you murder an innocent man in cold blood?—Let that gentleman go, and make me your prisoner—but remember I am a British officer, and must be carried before your general.

Old M. Oh, Beckwith, you have ruined all.

Dob. Brave young gentleman! this is as pretty a piece of work as one would wish to witness; so, come along, you have saved your friend from a little broiling, but hanged you shall now be before another sun sets, or my name's not Jonathan Dobson.—Soldiers, seize your prisoners.

Hen. [*As they advance.*] Hands off, scoundrels! I offered no resistance; but if you attempt to drag me from that lady in her present condition, by him that made me, you'd better attack the lioness who guards her young. [*Breaks from them, and raises Cecily.*] When she's restored, I'll follow where you will.

[*Music.*—Henry and her father raise Cecily to a seat—at a signal from Dobson, the Soldiers come behind Morgan and Henry, and drag them on different sides of the stage, Henry, R. Morgan, L.—Enter ABUNDANCE, L., just as Cecily opens her eyes—when, seeing the situation of her father and lover, she faints again in the arms of her attendant—old Morgan and Henry are gradually forced off—while Dobson, with his sword drawn, stands triumphantly in the centre, directs some servants, who remove Cecily, who is still insensible, and the act-drop falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside the Mansion, as before—two Sentinels on duty.*

SHORT MARCH.—Enter CORPORAL PRIME, with a Relief-Guard—he replaces the Sentinels with two others, and dismisses the relieved men.

Cor. [*To the Sentinels.*] Keep within the fence and near those windows; 'tis Captain Dobson's particular commands. [*Sentinels go towards the back of the house.*] A pretty unconsiderably uncomfortable piece of service, this I'm put on; under a ruffian, whom they have made an officer over the head of his betters, because he's the most hard-hearted——

Enter ABUNDANCE ALLRIGHT, softly, R. U. E.

Abu. Hist! Corporal, Corporal!

Cor. Eh!—who?—Oh--stand at ease!

Abu. I cannot stand at ease, in presence of a man of war.

Cor. I'm no man of war—not naval, but military.

Abu. Yea, thou art military, and not civil.

Cor. Thank ye.

Abu. Hast thou a wife, friend?

Cor. Ay, friend.

Abu. And children?

Cor. Three.

Abu. Then, for their sakes, and for the sake of the dear young woman to whom I administer, and who profanely calleth herself my mistress, tell me what this family hath to expect from that ramping crossbelted son

of Belial, who setteth himself up and sayeth he is a son of Mars ; yea, the son of a pagan and heathen idol.

Cor. My pretty piece of starch, what you are to expect from Captain Jonathan Dobson I know not ; but what you are not to expect, is mercy.

Abu. Then the young English leader of the red coats——

Cor. Will be hanged as a spy.

Abu. And the peaceful owner of this mansion, who hath so long sat under his own fig-tree——

Cor. Will be suspended from its branches for harbouring the Briton as a guest.

Abu. And the comely youth, Davis Morgan, son of the good host?

Cor. Will dangle, too, if——

Abu. If what?

Cor. If they can catch him.

Abu. Hath he escaped, then?

Cor. We're afraid he has.

Abu. Afraid ! say, you hope.

Cor. I dare not : the captain hasn't missed him yet, and [*Drum.*]—hark ! the drum rolls for a court-martial—I must attend my duty.

Abu. Thy duty is to save the innocent.

Cor. That may be impossible ; but if I cannot save, I'll try to serve them, maiden. Sentinels, be vigilant.

[*Exit into the house.*]

Abu. The youth Morgan is yet within the house, and should he vainly try to leave it, those children of the sword and rifle will smite him to the earth or deliver him up in bonds—he cannot venture forth while they are here. I first will warn him of his danger, next try to comfort the sweet maid Cecily, and then, although I abominate deceitful doings, if I do not return and try to cheat those two walking cuckoo-clocks, I am no maiden, and my name no longer Abundance Allright.

[*Exit into the house.*]

SCENE II.—*The Parlour, with the clock, &c., as in Act I.*
—*Staccato Music—the scene rather dark.*

YOUNG MORGAN slowly opens the clock-case door, steps cautiously towards the front, looks round, and pauses.

Young M. The villains !—cruel, remorseless——could I pass through to the back wicket—could I gain the

British lines, and apprise Oliver Beckwith of his cousin's danger, the peril of my father and my sister—yes—if I attempt this way, it will be——

Enter ABUNDANCE ALLRIGHT *on tiptoe, L., with a cloak, &c.*

Abu. Death!—the house is too well watched.—I saw thee take shelter in that monitor of time—return to it—that profane ceremony called a court-martial will take place in this very apartment; and when it concludeth, and the room shall be void, I will seek thee here—arrayed in this habit of a woman, I may chance to conduct thee through the children of strife, who surround the mansion; and Abundance Allright will not be the first female whose head hath proved longer than the arms, and whose heart stronger than the wits, of mighty men of battle. [*Drum.*] Haste, haste!—hum—m—m!

[*He hastily retires to the clock-case with the disguise, and she goes cautiously off, R.*]

DRUM and MARCH.—*Enter the Court, Prisoners, and Attendants, in the following order, L.*

Officer of the Guard.

Four Soldiers with fixed bayonets, who take the four corners of the stage.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

A Field Officer.

Captain Dobson and another Captain of Skinners.

Two Subalterns of Military.

Ditto, Ditto.

Corporal Prime.

Two Dragoons, with sabres.

Old Morgan—his hands secured behind him.

Two Dragoons, with sabres.

Henry Beckwith, pinioned like Morgan.

Four Soldiers—fixed bayonets.

Officer.

[*Captain Dobson takes the President's seat at the upper end of the table, the Field Officer on his right, the other Captains and Subalterns on each side—Morgan and Henry are at the table-foot—the Dragoons near them, and the Infantry with fixed bayonets, form a guard at the back—the drum gives three short ruffs for attention.*]

Dob. [*Rising, pulls off his hat—the court follow his example.*]

Gentlemen, the orderly despatched to General Heath with an account of our proceedings, has brought back this warrant for a drum-head court-martial, of which having the honour to be named president, I now declare it to be lawfully open.

[Drum-roll Officers bow to Dobson, put on their hats, and all sit down.]

Officer on Guard. Prisoners, attention !

Dob. *[To Henry.]* You, sir, are, I believe, an officer in the service of the British tyrant ?

Hen. I am honoured by a commission in the army of his Britannic Majesty, to whom the epithet you have descended to use does not apply.

Dob. We sha'n't dispute about a word—how came you so far from your own lines in that disguise ?

Hen. 'Tis no disguise, but an ordinary dress for shooting, my partiality to which sport brought me hither.

Dob. Is this your first visit here ?

Hen. Certainly not, but always on the same pursuit.

Dob. Is this the first time you have concealed yourself here from American soldiers, and why ?

Hen. No soldier, however rashly he may venture past his lines, wishes to become a prisoner of war.

Dob. You had no fears, then, for your neck ?

Hen. Is it customary with American troops to put their prisoners to death ?

Dob. We always hang spies : Mr. Morgan, you are one who profess to take no part in our struggle for independence ?

Old M. I have hitherto observed a strict neutrality.

Dob. Except when in confidential intercourse with the agents of the British general.

Old M. I hold no such intercourse.

Dob. How, then, came this British officer here ?—Why did you not produce him when first demanded, and why was he concealed ?

Old M. His coming he explained ; and no man of honour will blame me for refusing to betray him : he placed himself under the protection of my hospitality, and that bond is respected even by the savage.

Dob. Did you ever amuse yourselves with conversations on the strength or situation of the hostile armies ?

Old M. Never.

Dob. I see how it is, you won't confess, so 'tis lucky I've a witness. *[Pompey brought forward, L.—Prisoners*

start.] No doubt you're surprised, gentlemen. Now, sir, [*To Pompey.*] don't fear, you are protected—did you ever hear the prisoners talk together?

Pom. Is, massa cappin, one, four, seven, tree, two time.

Dob. And they spoke of Washington, and Rochambeau, and other leaders?

Pom. O, iss, massa cappin always speak Washy and Rosby many very often.

Dob. And West Point, King's Ferry, and Puckshill, and the d—d rebels, as they call us.

Pom. Iss, Massa Cappin, always Puckshill—all you dam rebels.

Dob. And they looked at maps and plans?

Pom. Iss : Massa Cappin every day—two weeks one four time.

Dob. What say you to this, gentlemen?

Hen. Say ! that the miscreant may have heard us mention names common in any mouth, but what then?

Dob. Ay, but the maps, the maps, young man.

Old M. Were of other countries, and formed sources of amusement connected with the education of my daughter.

Dob. I shall not, gentlemen of the court, take up more of your valuable time, after the evidence, so clear, explicit, and satisfactory—few words will suffice for justice; Officer of the Guard, withdraw your prisoners—not a word more, Mr. Morgan : you and your companion have already been most liberally listened to in your defence, and the time for further plea is passed—take them away, and clear the court.

[*Music.*—*The Prisoners are marched off, R., in the order they entered, and the members of the court-martial left together.*]

Dob. Gentlemen, I have always suspected Morgan, to whom Congress has been too lenient, and my suspicions are now confirmed : the English officers never come here on a mere shooting-excursion, or for the society of a friend; and if he had, how dare an American make a friend of one who carries arms against this country—for that alone Morgan deserves death, and you cannot hang one without the other. I can only give my own vote, but as I plainly perceive you are all of my opinion, we find both guilty, and, if the general approve, we will temper justice with mercy, and allow them the whole of this night for preparation, and not to suffer till gun-fire to-morrow morn-

ing—[*All bow assent.*] unanimous! the court will continue assembled till I acquaint the general. [Drum.

Officer. The general is here.

[*Grand salute—flourish without, &c.*

Dob. There's not a moment to be lost.

Grand March.—Enter GENERAL HEATH, attended by his *Aid-de-Camp*—the court rise, uncovered, to receive him—*Dobson* offers him the president's seat, which he declines, and takes a chair near the foot of the table.

Dob. General, I was about to report our sentence for your approval—both prisoners are found guilty on the clearest testimony, and, with submission to your excellency, we adjudge them to suffer death.

Gen. I am sorry for it—I lament that more lives should be sacrificed to a system which I, for one, decidedly condemn; but I presume the evidence of their guilt admitted not a doubt?

Dob. Not the slightest, sir; our leaning was to the side of mercy, in proof of which we entreat the execution may not take place till morning.

Gen. Should there be foul play, the guilt rests on your heads, and not on mine—I confirm your decision, and leave you to direct execution when you will; at present, it is imperative you should repair to your several corps, which are already in motion.

Dob. Are the prisoners to be removed, sir, or to suffer on the spot where their crimes were perpetrated?

Gen. Let them die here: and, harkye, Captain Dobson, I know that such affairs cannot be trusted to more willing hands than yours—remain with twenty men of your own troop, guard the prisoners during the night, see the sentence executed at early dawn, and rejoin me with all speed at Puckshill—the rest of you gentlemen to your commands; for we have much to do, and time wears on apace.

[*March—the General salutes the court with his hat, puts it on, and goes off, L., followed by his two Aids-de-Camp, and after them by the whole Court, so that the apartment is left entirely clear—Music changes—Davis Morgan, disguised as an aged woman, moves slowly from his hiding-place—is met by Abundance, who appears to be weeping—he seems about to speak—she makes signs of silence, and he hobbles off, leaning on her arm, L.*

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Mansion again.—The Sentinels, as before.*

MARCH.—*The General, his Suite, and the Officers (all but Dobson) who were on the court-martial, pass from the house, and exeunt, R.*

First S. Private Sprack!

Second S. Well, Private Spry.

Sprack. We're ordered to look out strict.

Spry. O yes, I guess—what are we to look out for?

Sprack. Our liberty, or we shall be confined.

Spry. Captain Dobson says, if we don't fight for our privileges, we have a right to be flogged.

Sprack. And he's not one to keep back our rights.

Spry. Up a tree! I'll keep my back; for——

Enter CORPORAL PRIME.

as every man is now free, and may speak his mind——

Cor. No talking on your posts—you're not King George's soldiers.

Sprack. No!

Cor. But, being all now a sort of kings of the land you fight for, and free as air, if you do a single thing against command, Skinner Dobson will flea you alive.

Spry. Oh, yes!

Cor. Therefore, if a soul offers to pass without the word ——

Sprack. It will be a word and a blow. We were told freedom would bring plenty, and we have been all day without food——

Spry. Or drink.

Cor. I'll get you a sly supply: so, watch about, sentries.

Spry. Corporal Prime's the man for me!

Cor. You mustn't speak.

Enter ABUNDANCE ALLRIGHT, from house, with a basket.

Abu. Friend Prime, although thy worldly pride makes thee rejoice at being profanely called a corporal, thy corporal wants, and those of thy watchmen——

Cor. Watchmen!

Abu. Vulgarly named sentinels, must be considered.

Cor. That's a pretty kind considerable consideration of yours, good Abundance.

Abu. And, as biscuits and brandy are comfortable things—— *[Showing her basket.]*

Cor. *[Drinking from a flask.]* Thou hast brought abundance.

Abu. No! Abundance hath brought them. Is not food permitted to thy men of war?

Cor. Um! yes, round the corner—where Captain Dobson can't see them. *[Throws a biscuit to the men.]*

Abu. And is not drink allowed to thy vessels of wrath?

Cor. Yes; drink, round the corner.

[Throws the flask to them.]

Abu. *[Giving him the basket.]* Distribute these, then, according to thy will. I know thou wouldst take them without my aid, but peradventure thy captain of hundreds may eat and drink all before their or thy helps are served.

Cor. *[Giving another flask to the men, with word of command, softly.]* Take this, round the corner. Ram me into a racoon's nest, if thou art not a kind Quakeress! And I wish I could do thee a favour in turn.

Abu. I will give thee leave——

Cor. How?

Abu. Art thou fond of sucking fire with thy breath, and making thy mouth a chimney?

Cor. What, smoking?

Abu. Dost thou love cigars?

Cor. Ay, and am famished for want of one. Here's a rattling shower coming on.

Abu. And thy men, also, will have need; permit, then, that my aged mother may go forth to her abode in the little Savanna, for she also hungereth for the weed, and she shall bring thee enough for thy whole company of spearmen.

Cor. Spearmen!

Abu. Or rather riflers, bayonet-bearers, and sharpshooters. Shall she go, friend Prime?

Cor. An old woman! there can't be much harm in that.

Cor. If thou wouldst impart unto her the word of watch——

Cor. She would tell it to all the other old women in the province—no, no. But I should be glad to have a supply of the leaf—so I'll send a stout fellow with her.

Abu. Better not—she may be too much for him.

Cor. Too much! there's no snakes in Virginia, if that's

not a good one. However, as I can't well spare a man, suppose I do give her the word—can she read?

Abu. O, yes.

Cor. Then it won't do—I'd ha' put it on paper.

Abu. What, written?

Cor. Yes.

Abu. That would be of no use—she can read very large Roman print, but could not compass the meaning of written letters.

Cor. [*Writes on a card, and gives it to Abundance.*] Then give her this—if she meets a rifleman, he'll look at it and let her pass.

Abu. Mother, mother!

Enter YOUNG MORGAN, hobbling, his hat over his face.

Abu. Hast thou done with my basket?

Cor. Here—keep your secret—the sentinels are——

Abu. Round the corner. Take this basket, mother, to bring the cigars.

Cor. And if I send a man——

Abu. (L.) [*Aside to Young Morgan.*] These pistols in the basket will——

Cor. Shoot me up a gum-tree, if I won't venture her alone, for thy sake—she's such a poor hobbling devil, she may walk by herself without danger. [*Young Morgan courtesies.*] There, that'll do.

Abu. I will guide her round the other corner, and then return to my dear young friend and employer, who shall join me hereafter in thanking thee for thy kindness.

Cor. I wouldn't let any one else have gone——

Abu. Not if I had spoken to thee with sweet words—yea, even with a tongue of honey?

Cor. No! I never was wheedled by a woman in all my life—so, don't courtesy, thou old crone.

Abu. Thou art not wheedled by a woman now. Come, mother.

[*Abundance leads off Young Morgan, L.—Muffled drum rolls without.*]

Cor. I stay too long here—and, harkee! [*Beckons off, L.*] Abundance! you must go no further.

[*A scream faintly heard from the house.*]

Abu. My friend in danger! then I wish it not.

[*She goes into the house—Corporal Prime follows—wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, as the scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*Oliver's Apartment—a sort of Hut in the British Lines—drums and distant cannon heard.*

Enter OLIVER BECKWITH, in regimentals and a cloak, followed by SERGEANT GORGET, R.

Oli. [*Sits down to write, and speaks between.*] The piquets are well instructed, sergeant, and the fatigue we have undergone in the rounds requires a moment of repose, to fit us for the work which the enemy appears to be preparing for us—while you rest, let my orderly go to the general with this report : exhort the sentinels to be more than usually watchful, and let me be summoned on the slightest occurrence.

Ser. [*Who, during the above, has been putting wood to a decaying fire on the hearth, which at length brightens—he also lights a lamp.*] Your honour's orders shall be executed.—Your servant not having returned, I have taken the liberty to light your honour's lamp ; and as to the bit of fire I've been able to raise, it's nothing (with you at the head of the corps) to the fire we'll give the Yankees, by-and-by.

[*Opens a canteen, and puts wine and biscuit on the table.*]

Oli. [*Giving a paper.*] There—take a glass, sergeant, to his majesty's arms ; sleep as soundly as you have fought hardy, and wake to see our wishes fulfilled.

Ser. [*Puts his hand to his cap, and takes a glass.*] Here's my king, God bless him ! and my captain ! that's your honour ; and the woman that owns me in our dear little home, and our friends, and—begging your honour's pardon, but your friend, the lieutenant, hasn't repassed the piquet yet.

Oli. My man is on the watch for him—to your duty, sergeant. [*Sergeant puts his hand to his cap, and exit, R.—Oliver throws off his cloak on the chair, and puts his sword and pistols on table.*] It is not in words to tell how uneasy that rattlebrain's absence makes me ; particularly as we parted in something like anger.—I might be wrong, but I meant to do my duty, and must let that reflection cheer me. [*Takes a book from a chest, and sits down.*] Rest, in my anxious state of mind, is, however fatigue may seem to ask it, impossible. [*Begins to read—a loud knocking is heard at the door, R.*] What alarm, now ?

[*Takes his sword and opens the door.*]

Enter CAPTAIN COHORN, LIEUTENANT CARTRIDGE, and
ENSIGN STANDARD, R., *all cloaked.*

Oli. Captain Cohorn!--lieutenant!--ensign!--to what good fortune de la guerre am I indebted for this? I didn't expect to see you at this late hour.

Coh. Nor, to tell the truth, did we, from report, expect to see you;—thank fortune, however, you are safe.

Car. We heard you were out, shooting black game, instead of select men; and as you know what has passed at our outposts, we feared the Yankees had either given you a leaden passport to higher quarters, or locked you up in a loghouse.

Sta. But where's your cousin Harry?

Oli. I hope safe—but——

Coh. Didn't you pass the lines together?

Oli. Yes; but my inclination to wander quitted me, I can't tell why—and he will not return till——

[Rain heard.

Car. Till he's drenched to the skin.—One of those American showers which fall in sheets and wet an Englishman through sooner than ten Scotch mists, will cool his passion for rambling for this time, depend on't.

Oli. If nothing worse happens to him——

Sta. Why, perhaps things may not be quite so bad as the spy related.

Oli. What spy?—What things?

Coh. To be plain, then, a deserter has just brought the important information that Washington, re-inforced by ten thousand Frenchmen, will this night, or in the morning, in person, attack our lines.

Car. A flotilla approaches on the river in our rear.

Sta. The neutral ground is already, or will be, completely occupied by the enemy.

Coh. And how your cousin will regain our lines, or escape the Buckskins, Skinners, and devildom sharp-shooting republicans, who give no quarter, seems a matter of decided impossibility.

[Loud thunder.

Car. And, hark, the weather seems as hostile as the New Englanders.

Sta. Well, you are safe till the next turn-out, at least; so, good night.

Coh. Pleasant dreams!

Car. And a genuine good brush with the enemy by daylight.

[Distant drum.

Oli. You are called already, friends—farewell! [*Exeunt all but Oliver, R.*] So, so, affairs grow critical. Oh! for an action so decisive as to end the war, and procure me either a bed of honour here, or promotion on the field and a good berth on board a British frigate, for dear Old England.

[*Drum again—more knocking, R.—hurried Music—door opens.*]

Enter SERGEANT GORGET, R.

Oli. Now, Sergeant?

Ser. Please your honour, we have a prisoner here, who knows your name and regiment, and begs hard to see you alone, on most important business.

Oli. Alone!

Ser. He is quite unarmed.

Oli. No fear of that,—admit him.

MUSIC.—Enter two Soldiers with YOUNG MORGAN, prisoner, R., his face partly hidden by the cloak, which is all he retains of his disguise.

Oli. You desired to see me—speak out—what is the nature of your commission?

Young M. I desired to see you alone, and cannot speak in presence of witnesses.

Oli. Sergeant, you may withdraw with your men. Now, friend, what am I to hear?

[*Exit Sergeant, with Soldiers, R.*]

Young M. That which will give you no pleasure.

[*Throws back his cloak.*]

Oli. Morgan, my friend—I dread to hear—my cousin?

Young M. Is a prisoner, as is my father also, on his account—Cecily is liable to insults the bitterest and most degrading; and all is lost, unless you instantly hasten to their assistance. I saw the miscreants bind the hands of both, heard the foul proceedings of their rascally court-martial, which, on the evidence of a perjured and traitorous slave, condemned my father and your friend to die at day-break.

Oli. [*Looking at his watch.*] At day-break!

Young M. Oh, Captain Beckwith, if you possess any love for your relative, any compassion for my unhappy father, or any esteem for me and my miserable sister, do not delay a moment.

Oli. [*Buckling on his sabre, and replacing his pistols in his belt.*] In what force are the enemy?

Young M. But twenty men are left with their savage commander, the ferocious Skinner, Dobson.

Oli. I've heard his fame, and shall be glad to measure sabres with the ruffian. Have they any reserve near them?

Young M. None, sir. I am in possession of the password, [*Showing a paper.*] and can lead you by a way will bring you at once upon them; for the love of heaven, do not refuse my petition.

Oli. Refuse it! O, no! Sergeant, [*Runs to the Sergeant, R.*] without a moment's delay, pick me out fifty men—the best——

Ser. And me, your honour?

Oli. Yes; the service may be desperate, and the men——

Ser. Not so easy to choose—they'll all want to volunteer.

Oli. You arrange that, while I go seek the general. Come with me, friend. Sergeant, lose not a moment. Oh, Harry, Harry! how much evil would a little common sense, used in good time, have spared us!

Ser. Fifty men! oh, I'll go beat to arms——

Oli. No drum—no noise—silent as foot can fall.

[*Exit, with Young Morgan, R*

Ser. I see—Corporal! on the alert there!

Enter CORPORA

FINALE—(*All piano.*)

Ser. Go, bring fifty heroes, the tallest and strongest
That ever pulled trigger, or charged man to man.

Cor. I go.

Ser. And, sir, don't be three minutes at longest.

Cor. I'll do it in one and a half, if I can.

They're coming already.

Ser. Before you have told 'em?

Cor. Oh, nonsense!

Cor. If you'll not believe me, behold 'em!

[*Grenadiers appear in the entrance of the door, as if others were behind them.*

Grenadiers, in piano chorus. Our captain pass'd the word,

All steady!

We're ready

His orders to obey,

With musket, bayonet, or sword,

And hearts as sound

As oak—give round

The word to march away.

Ser. [*Looking out.*] There's more than he said;

But the troop I'll select;

And when he's at your head,

Britain's friends to protect,

I know you'll be true to the cause

Of your sovereign, your country, your homes, and your laws.

Chorus. A cause we can only give up with our lives.

Oliver. [*Without.*] Come, friends, steady!

Chorus. Our leader's ready;

Oli. [*Without.*] Tell off the first fifty, since all volunteer.

Ser. Forward, brave boys! though I bring up the rear,
I'll fight in the front while you load and you prime,
And conquer the foe, boys, in double-quick time!

Chorus, receding, as Men disappear, R. Like true-hearted Britons,
we'll charge, load, and prime,
And clear all before us in double-quick time!

[*As the Men disappear, followed by the Corporal, R., and Sergeant, the chorus becomes fainter by degrees and the act-drop falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Parlour at Mr. Morgan's, as before.*

Enter CAPTAIN DOBSON and CORPORAL PRIME, L.

Dob. Are the prisoners coming to hear their doom?

Cor. They're here, captain.

Dob. Bring them forward; [*Exit Corporal, R.*] and some wine, d'ye hear?—I shall make short work with these chaps—but, first, here are some matters to be turned to account; it won't do to fight for property and get nothing by it.

MUSIC.—OLD MORGAN and HENRY are conducted on, still bound, by the CORPORAL and two Dragoons, R.—a third Soldier puts wine on the table—Dobson signs to the Corporal and Men to retire to the end of the room, which they do—he then fills himself a bumper.

Dob. I drink to our better acquaintance, gentlemen; and it strikes me, there is no time to lose in forming it, since you are both to be hanged at sunrise. [*Drinks.*]

Old M. Impossible! on such evidence, too?

Hen. You jest, Captain Dobson; the thing—

Dob. You'll find it fact, though; and I would advise you to settle your affairs.—In plain language, Mr. Morgan, you must make over to me your money, plate, and

valuables, to be applied, as the goods and chattels of traitors ought, to the service of the state and its faithful officers.

Old M. My keys, sir, are in that desk upon the table; all I ask in return is to have these cords loosened—they cut my wrists, and cannot be needed as matter of security.

Dob. It strikes me there can be no harm in that; so, corporal, untie the prisoners, and place chairs for the gentlemen at the table here; bring glasses, too—'twere pity not to make their last evening a merry one.

[*Music.*—Corporal Prime unties the Prisoners, and puts glasses and chairs—they sit—Dobson fills wine, which they refuse.

Dob. [*Drinking.*] Now, really, gentlemen, it strikes me you stand excessively in your own light—a short life and a merry one has ever been my maxim, as well as my toast.

[*Drinks.*

Hen. Wretch! dare you jest with the misery of a dying man?

Dob. Well rated, boy! spoke like a twaddler. Jest, indeed! would you have me preach?—Jonathan Dobson was always a merry blade, and has made many a poor devil laugh nearer the gibbet than you are: but I don't wish to intrude my company, and shall avail myself of Mr. Morgan's gentlemanly offer, [*Taking the keys out of the desk.*] and place a seal on his effects, while I leave you to meditate on the certainty of dying to-morrow morning.

Old M. For heaven's sake, grant me one request—my daughter, my beloved Cecily, and my son—let me embrace them once before I die.

Dob. Your son! ten thousand devils seize the scorpion—where is he?—Corporal, let every hole and corner in the house be searched for the young viper, whose will to sting was fairly shown enough. How came I to forget that such a monster existed? but he can't be far off, and shall be your companion here to-night, and on those trees before your door to-morrow.

Old M. But my daughter, sir——

Dob. Furies seize your daughter! Corporal, do you see with your own eyes, that they stir not from their places.

[*Exit, c.*

Old M. My children! my children! Cecily, to be left in this cold world without protection, and my boy! did not the villain say he'd make him our companion in the

morning—oh, Mr. Beckwith, what have you done? how have you brought ruin on a family who never did you wrong?

Hen. What answer can I make?—Oliver, dear Oliver, why did I despise thy counsels?—My friends, [*To the Corporal and Soldiers.*] I would impart something here in private—you can as effectually secure us by watching the doors and windows, as by remaining here.

Cor. My comrades may release you of their presence, but without the captain's permission, I dare not quit the room—he is not one likely to pass over disobedience. Do you stay close to the door without. [*Exit Soldiers—the Corporal goes to the further end of the room.*] For me, I shall neither watch, nor listen to your words.

Old M. God bless you, friend! you seem, at least, to have the heart of a man.

Cor. And of a parent, too, sir. [*Noise at the door, c.*]

Cec. [*Without.*] I must and will see my father.

Old M. [*Rushing to the door, c.*] My child! my child!

Cor. [*Interposing.*] Stand back, for heaven's sake, sir! it is not that I don't feel for you, but were you seen by other eyes than mine, the consequence might be dreadful. I will let in your daughter. [*He admits her.*]

Cec. [*Running to her father.*] My father! my dear father? why is this? why would they keep me from you? and you, too, Harry—you are not prisoners—you are not condemned to die—you have done nothing to deserve it—oh, no, they cannot dip their hands in the blood of the innocent.

Old M. Bless thee, my Cecily! a father's last and holiest blessing rest upon thy head! they have told you truth, though cruel it was to do so—our hours are numbered, and to-morrow you will be an orphan.

[*Cecily hysterically screams.*]

Cec. [*After a pause, wildly.*] An orphan! I am an orphan! and you dead! and Harry dead!—My mother, too, and my dear brother! all, all in one grave! but no, you mistake—it is a dream. The wind rises—and hark! 'twas a peal of thunder!—It never thunders, but it causes my brain to burn, and then I have fearful dreams.

Hen. Cecily, my own Cecily! alas, so much misprised—why look thus wild and haggard? your father spoke at random, and our fate is not so desperate. Do you not know me, Cecily?

Cec. Know you! yes, you are Oliver Beckwith, who

quarrelled with my Henry, perhaps to gain my love—but Harry's faithful, and all your arts will not induce him to break his vows—but did they say he was dead? My father, too! poor aged man! they might have spared him, even when they murdered Henry.

Old M. What have I done? my poor child is a maniac through my imprudent, cruel haste—wretched miserable man!

Cec. You weep, old man! and why are you unhappy? You must not be, for our friends are in heaven, and there happiness is perfect. Dry up your tears, for we shall join them soon. My eyeballs burn, burn, burn! there is moisture here! and yet he weeps!

Hen. Cecily, my beloved! my wife! recognise your Harry—I shall yet live to call you mine: your parent, too, weeps, only because you know him not—call him but father, and his tears will cease. [*A crash at the door, c.*]

Enter CAPTAIN DOBSON, furiously.

Dob. Thou stubborn knave! [*To Mr. Morgan.*] Where is thy cockatrice of a son?—Tell me, or, by the infernal powers, I will still try the effect of fire, and save your neck from being stretched, by burning you alive.

Old M. I know nothing of the youth: if he have escaped, I thank heaven for it; but I cannot, if I would, direct you where to seek him.

Dob. It is false, dotard! you know that that picture doesn't cover the only lurking-place in this den of treachery; and you ought to know by this time that you cannot escape my vigilance. Ha! [*Seeing Cecily.*] what have we here? that little minx at large! and you, Corporal, what are you at in the corner, there, blubbering like a turnip-headed driveller as you are?—Call in your people instantly, and see that girl carried back to the place from whence she came; and, mind me, as you value your own safety, no more of this chicken-heartedness.

Cor. You have never found me chicken-hearted in danger, captain; and if I do feel for these persons, I guess there's no harm in it.

Dob. Silence, scoundrel! say but another word, and I'll cleave you to the chine. Soldiers!

Enter two Soldiers, L.

Dob. Bear this woman hence, and see that she be on

no account permitted to quit the apartment again—away with her ! [*Music.—The Soldiers take her by each arm—she looks vacantly round—her father and lover attempt to move towards her—Captain Dobson ferociously interposes.*] I'll have no more leave-taking.

Hen. Let her but speak one word to—to your father, Cecily.

Cec. Father, I know you now—and Henry, oh, how I pity both—and you—— [*To Dobson.*]

Dob. [*Fiercely.*] Begone!

Cec. [*To Morgan.*] You have most need of pity—farewell till some of us shall meet in heaven.

[*They lead her off.*]

Hen. O, hardened, wreckless, most unfeeling villain.

[*Music.—Morgan and Henry stand stupified with sorrow—the Corporal, resting the point of his bayoneted musket on the ground, leans his face on his hands on the butt of it—Dobson surveys him with contempt, and then indignantly addresses Morgan—loud rain, with distant thunder, is occasionally heard.*]

Dob. I ask again, and once for all, will you, of your own accord, give the information I seek, or must I wring it from you ?

Old M. [*Half timidly.*] I have no information to give—I know nothing more of the lad than yourself—I beseech you do not torment me for no purpose.

Hen. How can the case be otherwise?—The young man escaped, as you might have seen, without holding any communication with his father.

Dob. Silence! no one requested your opinion—it will be time enough to give it when 'tis asked—but as to you, traitor, [*Addressing Morgan.*] further equivocation will avail you nothing: tell me where to find your son, or you shall feel the fire ere you're ten minutes older.

Old M. [*Subdued with terror.*] I cannot, indeed I cannot—I'm in your power, and you may do with me what you will; but were you to tear the flesh from my bones with red-hot pincers, I couldn't satisfy you of what I do not know myself.

[*Rain and thunder.*]

Dob. [*Coolly.*] Very well.—Within, there!

Enter a Dragoon.

Dob Is the fire ready in the fore-court.

Sol. The rain falls in such heavy sheets we cannot make a faggot light; or if one does, the wind is so boisterous it scatters it to the very hills.

Dob. Thoughtless blockheads!—in the traitor's hall, then, on the flag-stones in the centre of that room where he feasts our enemies, light it, and instantly. [*Exit Soldier.*] We'll make short work on't now—I'll see it done myself, and if you confess not on my return, the whole army of the great king, whose slaves you foster, shall not save you from a dreadful death. [*Exit.*]

[*Music.*—*Morgan falls on his knees, and seems to solicit mercy from heaven—Henry endeavours to console him, but he turns away—Henry is in despair—at length he kneels to Morgan, as if asking pardon for the dreadful state he has brought him into, when Morgan gathers firmness, raises Henry, and folds him in his arms.*]

Hen. Oh, sir! be firm, be comforted: he cannot, he dare not, he never will go beyond a threat; even he cannot have the heart so to torment an aged helpless man, upon the bare suspicion that he has tried to save the life of a beloved son.

Old M. Henry, you know him not; his heart is cruelty cased in adamant—and—hark! did you not hear the crackling of wood?—Ah! do you not see the fierce ascending flames?—behold, behold it!

[*Falls in Henry's arms—the red reflection of the flames is seen through the glass door.*]

Cor. [*Almost wild.*] Fear not—I—I—dam'me if I can speak—I shall choke—and I will choke ere you shall be thus used.

Hen. Raise not false hopes—thy single arm can do nothing against a host.

Old M. [*Recovering.*] O, yes—soldier!—friend!—countryman!—your pistol, quick!—shoot me—me, that I may escape the horrid torture.

Cor. Sir, if—— [*The door is rudely dashed open.*]

Re-enter DOBSON, with four Soldiers.

Dob. Now then—the fire is ready—behold it. [*Pointing to the glass door in centre.*] And for the last time I ask you, whether you will direct me where to find your son?

Old M. You ask in vain, indeed you do—I cannot tell, as I desire to be saved.—If you have searched the

premises through, you have done all I could direct, for indeed, indeed! there is no secret closet, except this. [*Pointing to the opening where the picture is.*] For the love of heaven, as you hope for mercy yourselves, do not torture me!

Dob. [*To the Men.*] Seize him! [*They advance.*

Old M. You cannot force from me what I have not to communicate—did I know where he is, in this extremity I fear I should speak out.

[*Music.*—*At a signal from Dobson, two Men lay hold of Morgan, and two others seize Henry from behind, on his attempting to rush forward, when Abundance suddenly rushes in.*

Abu. Oh, hold! spare the weak and aged, and I will tell thee where the youth is.

Dob. Thou tell! oh, more treachery!—Thou formal piece of treason, tell us, where?

Abu. Thou need'st not be enraged—thou seek'st but the truth, and thou shalt hear it—he is by this time, I hope, safe within the tents or camp, as 'tis profanely called—yea, verily, of the British man of war.

Dob. Just as I foresaw—we are betrayed, then—but this shall not save thee, [*To Morgan.*] or thee, traitress—some one first seize this viperous fiend of pretended sanctity, the rest—

Cor. [*Coming forward, and speaking with cool firmness.*] Captain Dobson, I have witnessed more of these matters than my conscience exactly approves, and by heavens I will not stand tamely by to witness more.

Dob. [*In extreme astonishment.*] What!

Cor. These gentlemen are condemned by lawful authority to die, but I know of no right you or any other man has to inflict on them a sentence heavier than the laws have awarded; stand back, I say; soldiers, you are unarmed, and [*Presenting his musket and fixed bayonet.*] the first who lays a finger on my prisoners dies.

Dob. [*Drawing his sabre.*] Within, there! mutiny!

Enter POMPEY, and Soldiers.

Dob. First seize that Puritan.

Pom. Iss, Massa Captain: come, missy, me tell you you soon ask Pompey mercy. [*Seizes her.*

Dob. [*To Corporal.*] Surrender, villain!

Cor. Not yet—[*Fires a pistol at Pompey, who falls.*] there's

one debt paid ; and, as I prefer being shot in fight to being hanged on a tree, messmates, take good aim, and if you like firing at a comrade, we'll exchange shots.

Dob. No, wretch ! my sabre shall teach you.

[*Rushes on him, but is forced back—drums beat to arms.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter Soldiers, L., crying, "The enemy! the British!"—They are pursued by Oliver, Sergeant Gorget, and Davis Morgan, who gives arms to Henry—a general fight ensues—young Morgan fights off, R., defending his father—Oliver and Sergeant Gorget beat American Soldiers off—Corporal Prime defends and carries Abundance out of the fight—Henry and Dobson are left in single combat—Henry runs him through—he falls—a scream from Cecily is heard—Henry rushes out, L.—drums and firing continued, sometimes loud, sometimes receding—Music continues—the red reflection through the glass-door, C., becomes more vivid—at length flames are seen, and the house appears on fire—Dobson, after lying insensible a few moments, at length stirs, and as the flames seize the partition, recovers himself by degrees.*

Dob. [*Rising with great difficulty.*] Traitors ! villains !—Bring him, drag him to the fire ! the—ah ! what ! where—how is this ? Oh ! wounded ! is it a dreadful dream ? These flames ! my sword is here still, but—great Power ! On what powers can I call ? how rise ? or how escape that dreadful fire I kindled ? and now—yes—here's a way. [*Staggers to the opening where the picture hangs—flames appear there.*] Ah ! this way, then—yonder's a window ! shall I reach it ? Oh, mercy ! mercy !

[*Staggers off, R., hanging on the wing, and catching at every object to support himself, the scene closing as he goes.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall or Passage.

[*American Skinners are pursued across by the British, from L. to R.—Sergeant Gorget fights two Dragoons across the stage, driving them before him—Young Morgan defends his father against others—he is nearly overpowered—the old man picks up a pistol, and shoots his son's opponent—they embrace—HENRY enters, with CECILY—they surround and take her off triumphantly—CORPORAL PRIME runs in, huzzaing, with ABUNDANCE in his arms, and, flourishing his sword, follows the group.*]

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Mansion, as before.—The house in flames—MORGAN, his friends and family, rush from the house, and form a beautiful tableau of kneeling figures, returning thanks and congratulating each other—Sergeant Gorget and the Soldiers forming the background.*

Mor. My son ! my Cecily !

Hen. My friend !

Oli. [*Pointing to the burning house.*] Preserved, at loss of all !

Hen. Oh, no ! my country and my house shall now be yours.

Young M. No matter ! nothing is lost if these are safe—as for the traitor black——

Cor. I pretty considerably did his business.

Old M. How shall we repay thee and that brave girl, [*Pointing to Abundance.*] who risked her life to save us.

Young M. She is mine—mine, father !—mine for ever !

Hen. And Cecily ? [*Morgan gives her to him.*]

Old M. Where is the tyrant ?

Hen. Fallen by this sword.

Oli. Fallen !—no, look !—see there !

[*Music.—Dobson is seen at a parlour window of the burning house, hanging on the frame, and unable to proceed.*]

Old M. O, save him, save him !—he's a bad man, but death by fire must be dreadful.

Music.—All rush towards the house, when the roof falls in with a dreadful crash, overwhelming the wretched Dobson.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

COR. HEN. CEC. OLD M. ABU. YOUNG M. OLI.
R.] [L.

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